



by

Veritas Caput

(Part II)

*“He lifted the thick yellow hair from his forehead.
The scar showed, pale and puckered, on his right temple.”*

Brave New World
Aldous Huxley
(1932)

“You spoof of visibility in a freakfog.”

Finnegan’s Wake
James Joyce
(1939)

Liberty’s Author had loved the High Lonesome ever since that turbulent moment when the whirling presence of God rushed down into his teenage mind with a wounded tornado roar:

“Excelsior!”

He rises up from the tent canvas and wobbles around his leaning spinal column like a weary gyroscope. Semi-erect. Thinking anew. Rocking to and fro upon his knees in a groggy trance of bisyllabic iambiance as if dancing on the death bed of some prior incarnation.

“i am, I AM!”

From the gley bog of last night's funereal fog, his hell-harrowing headache has launched its nightmarish lift out of swamp bottom at the bright morning advent of an indian summer sun just as Kahuna bursts tail-wagging through their tent door with his father's prized Washington Senators baseball cap. Purchased by Lincoln at a 1965 summer Saturday matinee Minnesota Twins vs Boston Red Sox knothole game, the young retriever has fetched it for him from the beer-scented bleacher seat near last night's campfire.

Feeling like some homunculus hatched as a "Little John" Barleycorn fart from an under-poached peacock egg, our cryogenic Daedalus, grounded for years on ice after being burned by the high heat of a mean beanball, tugs his tattered cap from her mouth, snugs it firmly down over a furrowed brow and messy camp hair, canine saliva drooling like soapy tears from his olive green eyes, striving to recall just how and when he'd originally misplaced it.

Long since pardoned from those eruptive bouts of prairie dog radicalism which once politically tempted him, his aging mind feels terminally oxidized into a kind of Copper Range weather vane, at one with Lake Superior's unforecastable atmospherics, hung gallows high here on this peninsula once called *Ke-wai-wo-na* or "Crossing Place" by its original Anishnabe inhabitants, with nowhere to really go but 'round, breeze-blown by an *a posteriori* experiment on pareidolia still awaiting solid empirical transfiguration, clothed only in what he's accumulated from coincidence and figuring perhaps, like flatulent hungover Falstaff, that it's 'better to be eaten to death with rust than scoured to nothing by perpetual motion'.

On the other hand...

" 'Tranquility Base here...' Lifting both arms parallel to the forest's water-logged floor, he fishtails his head from side to side in precise avian pivots. 'The Eagle has landed.' "

His 18th birthday present from NASA where the celestial watchmen of world freedom had not woken in vain. Or so it certainly felt on July 20, 1969, four years following that Excelsior tornado which transformed him into someone whose mirrored image reflected a sudden traumatic absence of self-recognition—"Who is that? That's not me!"—for he'd been then but a 13 year old boy subconsciously baptized by the soul-piercing shards of some ominously shattered stainedglass vision and tasked to piece it all back together without knowing why or how.

" 'By the waters of Minnetonka...' "

Athalia coos the Lakota Sioux's northern plain song into his amateur naturalist ear as he bangs the black-n-white keys of her parlor game piano, all 88 of them facing a tomahawk chop sooner or later given enough parental patience on this Christmas Sunday morning where they sit side-by-side, MAJOR and minor, in strict rehearsal for their string-hammered rocket duet to *Mare Tranquillitatis*:

*"Moon Deer loved Sun Deer
They loved through tears
Waters forever"*

Unobserv'd, by way of fugue-state, he's privately return'd to the childhood of mother's house and his, steam-hoisted from that *faeth fiada* mist now swelling within him to resurrect the unfinished mansion of an inestimable mystery.

With copper "torch" in hand and mind's-eye adventuring, he gazes inwardly from his masthead crow's nest down past the wavy patina of fathomless time where pirate souls quicken and hearts drum submarine beats, our tent pole isolato dwelling not on annihilation but rather a necessary gathering of "20 Questions" he must perforce ask taskmaster Mom.

"Again?"

"Nineteen more times through this scrimshaw lattice and we'll winnow the wheat and chaff of your baby step ivories, son."

"Nine-teen?"

"Nine years old thee may be now but soon a teen thouest will be and therein's your gut-bucket gospel truth!"

"O brother..." This being his latest fraternal exclamation of expressing masculine exasperation at her wily use of King James elocution for maternal manipulation which he'd adopted and co-opted courtesy of Dad who was "Man-of-the-House" AWOL during the holiday season way out west (and down under) in "Dreamland", frankly yanked away from his cyber-engineering position at Honeywell by some esteemed council of eastern seaboard *eminence grises* for clandestine assignment on another code-breaking Navy sabbatical with "that damn 'Underseas Systems' project" (as Mom was wont to air-quote) which the Twin Cities defense firm had been Grey Ops'-ing at least since Dad transferred there three years earlier in the fall of '57.

“But a former Amphibious Corp Seabee me be,” he’d confessed in her ear when they hugged goodbye a week earlier at Wold-Chamberlain Field, “quarantined in an oceanic hive with one quiet brilliant beautiful voice periodically pinging the sonar of my personal conscience. Yours, truly...”

Lincoln couldn’t confide to Athalia the exact location he’d flown for until Christmas Eve when, freed overnight from honeycombed captivity within a classified government facility harbored fathoms beneath drifting Groom Lake dunes nearly 30 nautical leagues northwest of Las Vegas, he let it slip, on an all too brief shore leave by way of a phone booth cubicled inside Pinky’s Polar Bear Lounge, that “Sin City’s making me seasick for Home Sweet Home”.

He sweet-talked her then from an extravagantly lit stretch of neon skyline, plucking familiar heart strings every which way he knew, elevating his morose mood with an imported Russian vodka martini vibe, Death Valley dry, shaken British Empire style and punched up by a vending machine pack of unfiltered Camels whose cellophane wrap he uncrinkled with a curvilinear flourish of solitary disgust and social exhilaration, ditching thereby last New Years’ Day pledge to hop aboard the tobacco wagon and “ride it smokeless til ‘61”, clanking down dimes like that profligate pacific theater persona he once poker-faced through a running numbers game of statistically risky prognostication and tilted roulette financing which underwrote a savvy bevy of promiscuous impersonations—sailing his fabled “seventh ocean” to oriental seaports in pursuit of gentleman rickshaw romances funded by gambling profits procured from loaded poop deck dice rolls and card-counting blackjack whose brief courtships led to implausible erotic denouements at the “Hotel Shanghai” he later multiplied and embellished into a prurient anthology of rarefied sex tales wryly raconteur’d with the shy monastic reticence of an upper midwestern rural sensibility anchored by a tenor church mouse belltone that never rang quite F Clef enough to suit the skeptical baritone chorus of his perpetually cash-poor shipmates.

But could a shadowy species of “spook work” have found shrouded cohabitation within that chiaroscuran spectrum moiring wide and deep beneath the bow wave of Dad’s penitent pleas for wartime absolution, a twilight realm he’d carefully submerged beneath confessional misdirects with frothier surface admissions of mathematical chicanery and bungled pre-marital flings? Almost certainly. They christened their verbal double-talk terrain “Penumbra” for conjugal detours into a binary blackwhite code-

language Athalia and he employed whenever conversing on nation state cloak-and-dagger, third world revolutions, extraterrestrial contact, extended family crises and other child unprivy what-have-yous at the dinner table and it periodically emerged in alphanumeric strings of letters and numbers no child could untangle from any thesaurus except perhaps *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* (though their ever curious son had unsurprisingly tried, commandeering a small spiral notebook, musket-loaded with pencil stub, laid like a blank napkin on his crumb-filled lap and standing sentry for scribbling on whenever gastronomical asides veered toward the inscrutable).

It was at one such crucial Sisyphean pivot during an erratic though incrementally upward sloping learner's curve (which he'd accelerated unawares through a disciplined navigation of diatonic music's dynamic unbalanced tonality whose shifting center of gravity, the "Circle of Fifths", his mother had adapted into rigorous scale exercises for he and her as a way of mnemonically capturing the emotional tension and resolution of she and Lincoln's arcane deipnosophistry) that...hmm, oh yes...the boy over-excitedly realized one night, while coughing up a half-chewed mouthful of spinach, those dinnertime subtext transfers of his deceptive parents nearly always coincided with the non-appearance of a new moon.

“ ‘I yam what I yam, I'm Popeye the Sailor Man!’ ”

Buckshotting a bit of spit spinach into both Athalia and Lincoln's eyes with a froggy sing-song affectionately if not quite accurately loyal to the cartoon seafarer's voice, their ebullient prodigy made what may one day be rhetorically catalogued by millennial historians as the boy's first inept attempt to enter into and triangulate one of his parents' encrypted dialogues.

“Equal temperament, my dear, equal temperament. Especially when we're dining.” Mom always knew just what to say. “Now what's all this about Popeye?”

“Sure, um yeah, could you please pass the olive oil. This salad's tasting a tad dry.” Scrawling down Dad's apparent *nom de guerre* then post-haste during their quickly whispered sparring match after she did:

“Idlewild North” -investigate

Idlewild North... Idlewild North... What am I missing here?

Interrogating himself subterra in present time as he withdraws focus from his hand-held orb and puts on hold this brief passage to the “Back-Then” of 1960 when Mother and Son rehearsed their piano duet for a Christmas Day performance of *By The Waters Of Minnetonka* and Bach’s *Fugue In Gm* at Our Saviour’s in Excelsior which, as we will later see, did not quite proceed in the elegant way Athalia had orchestrated it.

Presently, with no one else to talk to, Havrylak nods at his kindergarten canine companion peeking in through the tent flap and tries to explain:

“You see the anatomy of this murder I’m private eyeing is a Cold War variation on Aelfric of Cerne’s medieval passion tale of the cruciferous stag transpierced for our sins and ever since that childhood tornado cross-haired me with the telescopic sight of some questing beast on the prowl, I’ve spent too much of this life subconsciously dosey doing a kind of arms-folded ghost dance macabre to shield me from the next shot.”

“WOOF WOOF WOOFWOOF”

“You’ve got the timing sequence down as close as it may ever get, girl, which says a lot for the acoustical precision of your floppy ears so have yourself a ‘Merry Dog-Star Christmas’ come next July for there could be no better way of undoing the labyrinthine laces of this asylum straitjacket that bandages my healed mind than by the joyful bark of man’s best friend.”

“WOOFWOOF!”

After clumsily contorting into a valiant attempt at his “Goodbye To All That” lotus position, Havrylak finds himself undressed-to-the-nones, skin deep in this sunrise chill, preparing to yank on his tree-climbing jeans from a naked squat when out of those blue leggings, head slowly pivoting 90 degrees, he telepaths Kahuna this futuristic divot of another dug up bone:

And could there be any more humorous posthumous way than logging in ‘Au Revoir’ as my break-out passkey from that dolorous wound I’ve inherited? Come sail away with Indian Summer’s Son, Ol’ Shep, down this river toward a Big Lake maelstrom whose sublime turbulence might funnel us skyward on an astronomical flight to Polaris where we’ll howl the great musical mystery which can rejuvenate and transform our immortal souls!

He’d re-lived that terrifying dream for the umpteenth time last night and woken up to yet another cranial explosion, strengthening his perilous sense that he still had one phantom foot planted in the Land of the Dead.

“*Au revoir*, past life. *Per aspera ad astra*, tomorrow.”

Stripping last night’s duct-taped alias summons off his pup tent wall with an irritable snatch, he flips the legal document over and abandons that fourth dimensional otherworld he’s been voyaging through to ogle at a “hands-in-the-air” glamour mug shot he’d snapped and printed of flame-haired Faline Jeffries standing tall in close-up focus before the three-story tall Snowmeter rising like a launch pad rocket just uphill from the Phoenix Cemetery along Highway 41, rebel daughter of that Keweenaw County judge whose fountain-penned footnote signature on capturing him “dead or alive” has, sure as shit, now completely disappeared from view.

Eyeing Cupid’s crimson heart tattoo, pierced by an arrow and crouching in a curvaceous nook above her left shoulder blade, Havrylak sighs, revisiting that violet hickey he’d recently puckered it with. Panning up from the artisinal needlework of Laurium’s Purple-People Parlor, he spies her mischievous smile and chatoyant gaze, so reminiscent of Amarantha’s, which now activates some ‘too-soon’ species of nostalgic swoon over that romantic excursion they’d embarked on last Saturday at the Keweenaw Mountain Lodge after he and Coyote finalized their official separation.

Would Faline fulfill her promissory note concerning their tryst in the mist this afternoon at the old Excelsior Mine? His great-grandfather Japheth discovered that profitable *fossiure* in the mid-19th century on a cliff hanging high over Lost Lake after being led there, according to family legend, while on the hunt for a ghostly and elusive albino buck. Or has she since been assigned something far more slinky and feline as part of His Honour’s ongoing paper chase? Judge Jeffries was rumoured to be a Knight of St. Hubert after all so perhaps his legal boundaries really *knew* no bounds.

Glancing down at his reflection from that triangular facet on the copper icosahedron which had earlier transfixed him, he returns the ruddy talisman to his rucksack where it will rest as dead weight until an opportune moment of future fetching when that “imprisoned lightning” which quickens its slick surfaces has been recharged with living illuminations from his past.

Though its final form was forged on a late spring afternoon in 1989, the “Torch” first fell into his hands like a “Hail Mary” meteorite touchdown pass from heaven in the shape of that pigskin-shaped protuberance he’d hacked off Jim Paul’s infamous “Ontonagon Boulder” 20 years earlier within the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History “following a steamed oyster lunch at Harvey’s on Connecticut Avenue whose briny morsels of salted sea meat I chased down with one musty ale too many on an afternoon

over-populous with fellow protestation and random tumult at the November 1969 Anti-War Mobilization that epochal day in Washington D. C. painful memories of which now mirror through a kaleidoscope darkly” as his pink-slipped submission to the 1975 *Osawatomie* political journal, *To Piss On An A Priori Fire*, would later testify.

And though but a micro-chip off a father-block coined “Kitche Manitou” by some summer roaming Anishnabe who once revered it, this stolen spark, despite being misplaced for nearly 20 years, will guide Havrylak like lambent candle flame through a cloudy lens along rugged trails he’ll seasonally lose and find through each vining trial and error decision that zig-zags him forward: a slow but steady pilgrim’s progress abruptly accelerated when the re-found flickering jewel of his “Aquarian Age” theft is laser-cut at an MTU metallurgy lab one fine May day in 1989 (the 29th to be exact) where, after “19 nervous alchemical breakdowns”, he’ll finally engineer that geometrical “Jack O’Lantern” whose near virgin elemental purity, tainted but by a sleek crescent arc of silver ore, will develop within him a “red light” beacon for steering this thin contaminant through a dark room aperture of cinematic revelations as far as the resolution of his imperfect photographic memory can clearly sail.

Once tugged from safe harbour out into “open water” by his copper icosahedron’s conductive power however, this pulsing capillared embryo of Havrylak’s inner “lighthouse beam” will swiftly genesis into an erudite headlamp for his hand-held multilocational transvoyageuring GPS vehicle, eyeballing him through more times and places he could have ever imagined possible and it all crested like some epic tsunami with a sudden unexpected instantaneous “Inhabitation of History” ~*SYNCHRONICALLY AT ONCE*~ though *just* once whilst pulling an alma mater inspired all-nighter originating at Eden House (Room 531 to be precise) where he’d briefly holed-up to accommodate his yeoman work schedule. Normally housing an oil-and-water mix of engineers and foresters when “Da Tech” was at full session, in early June it sat all but empty at the west end of Wadsworth Hall’s top floor except for he and Inga Huskiverna who huddled there late Saturday after finishing micrometer measurements and electromagnetic readings on that “crown specimen” discovered through what she’d called a “Kaisersbart Expedition” of splitting finer and finer hairs before reaching “Ico 2.9” on their 20th try at 11:59 AM EST when they executed the last critical Memorial Day “guillotine slice” so close to high noon even Robin Hood would’ve tipped his greenwood cap to her “precision circumcision” methodology of splitting Zeno’s arrow.

“Thhhwet!”

“Ingot Bingo!”

Havrylak hammered home Inga’s sound effect upon the blacksmith anvil of his long-ago looted booty with a steely stare, envisioning how its reshaped final form might serve as a sort of philosopher’s stone just as Japheth speculated in the *Red Jacket Journal*. Glacially plucked eons earlier like some lucky pooka’s paw from an anonymous ore pocket of the “Keweenaw Anomaly”—itself was made possible by the billion year old “Keweenawan Rift” which nearly split North America apart and whose ancient wound cowled the peninsula like a ragged monk’s hood that hooked southward into lower Michigan—Havrylak’s experimental device will soon tutor his nervous system with an inductive code-breaking ability to burrow his mind’s eye down nanoscopic mine shafts of visionary transport into a wonderland warren whose adits and drifts of intracellular communication will bring him face to face with those winding molecular staircases of the archetypal “twin-wheeled hoist engine” itself where he’ll research its double helical vortexes up and down all summer long like an anorexic go-go angel twisting frantically around Jacob’s Ladder and gearing as he gyrates a rich sympathetic resonance with the unique genetic identities of every relative who’d lived before him, recognizing the personal signatures of a few who’d passed over while most remained nameless and distant, but all of whom were contained within that nucleic genome of densely compressed “Jack-in-the-Box” granary files, revolving alphabetical stacks whose living mobius scrolls of re-zipperable biochemical strands had been algorithmically siloed by some paradisial casino librarian of complex recombinative play at biology’s sunrise for the organic golden chain purpose of perpetually making everything new.

But prior to all the interior athletic opticals of this Proustian venture, he and Inga brought the dense weight of his laser-saber’d specimen back to Wadsworth Hall and crow’d “Happy Hour!” in harmonious honor of their upstart startup, popping open “a quarto of Shake’s Beer”—as he’d labeled the latest alchemical incarnation of his deer camp “He-Brews”—the bulbous brown bottle of which still occupied nearly the whole territorial capacity of Room 531’s vibrating mini-frig where it had been stored meticulously untouched during the advance anticipation of this surgical accomplishment.

“So...” paused Havrylak, to Inga’s dawning dismay. “Do you think there may be a lucrative local market for heavy geometric trinkets?”

“Wait. Wasn’t a ‘high expectation of profitability’ part of your sales pitch to get my help in the first place?”

“Well, I haven’t quite run the numbers yet, but...”

“O Christ, hand me the she-brew...”

As salve for her chagrin, after another sip of Havrylak’s pungent pre-American lager—it still lacking a certain sourish *vespuccian* character one might say—they moved beyond the financial prospects of mass producing tourist trinkets and joined forces to give a good old college try or two at “activating” their precious new toy with Havrylak making the first tactile attempt as Inga offered her unique style of encouragement:

“No, don’t *fondle* the orb, try *cradling* it to and fro between your hands like a *slinky*. Keep it in motion. *Pour* it back and forth. *Brownian* motion. *Therrre* you go. Rockabye baby, *rockabye* baby...”

There was a suggestive insouciant “Little Mermaid” lullabye in Inga’s frolicing advice, her Yooper patois phonetically alloying with an old country Copenhagen accent she’d inherited from an immigrant Danish mother who warbled Scandanavian folk tunes around their creaky old clapboard house atop Quincy Hill whenever the winter wind rattled window frames and flake-swollen swirls of blizzard sifted through cracks to powder their sills with dune drifts of skittish crystals.

Mother’s songs were never faraway.

Nor were MTV’s, even here at MTU:

“ ‘No money man can win my love...’ ”

It wasn’t long before the Shake’s Beer, their celebratory theatrical mood and Inga’s braless enthusiasm challenged Havrylak’s resistance to an extra-marital entanglement with all of it’s local hidden variables and their potential to speed back out of nowhere and spook him. Jiggling visibly nipple by nipple before his downcast eyes, her tangible breasts tugged at his conjugal conscience, shrouded by the sheerest of white linen in sinful contours as MTU’s campus radio station, broadcasting courtesy of Tech’s latest collegiate recruits five floors beneath them, played a Detroit freshman’s hip hop request for Neneh Cherry’s *Buffalo Stance* whose infectious tune karaoke’d Inga’s cochlea with sing-along glee.

“ ‘I’ll make the move nothin’ left to chance’ ...”

“Hold on! Did you see that? It was someone’s face!”

“That’s your reflection, goofball...” she snickered while reaching for the icoshedron so she could have a go with it only to growl out a “grrr” when he drew his hand back.

“No, I think it was my father and this sphere may be much more than a mere marketable bauble,” throwing a reverse spin screwball now at her healthy skepticism about his original monetizing ploy, “nay, our geometric creation could well become that multiwindow’d orb for the art of ‘transcendental voyageuring’ which my great-grandfather Japheth was searching for at the turn of the 20th century as described in Jefferson’s *Red Jacket Journal*. A ‘Total Perspective Vortex’! It’s the only way to fly!”

“Did you say ‘Total Perspective Vortex’?”

Inga leaned forward, fully fluent in the hilarious minutiae of BBC’s *Hitchhiker’s Guide To The Universe* which WGGL had broadcast from Houghton in the early 1980s, then spun their emptied beer bottle on the bison brown tile floor, spattering entrails of foam that petered out in a bubbly orbit which pointed in the end at *well of all people guess who* who interpreted her body language as a possible invitation to scratch that “seven year itch”, being bit by her *buffalo shuffle* songdance you might say, and it was probing his blackwhite conscience with an intergenerational rationale for promiscuity within the schoolboy vacancy of Eden House, round and round until he’d narrowed his color choice down to “cherry red or midnight blue” culled from some rock band’s song he’d heard on the radio a couple years prior, just trying to keep his wits about him while formulating a poetic incentive for naive trespass beyond the bee buzzing boundary of this pollinator garden whose private delights could be penalized by public gossip, word-gets-around repercussion, a paranoid sense of being “bugged” by some secretive high-tech surveillance device like the *hidden local variable* of an unrung bell, though none of these considerations will dissuade their scientific curiosities from an irresistible temptation to scratch this itch before their pregnant moment passes.

Therein sparked the vinyl record rub. Its static serendipity scorched into her neurocircuitry by his sci-fi reference to Inga’s all time favourite radio series whose cosmic comedy bridged that parabolic rainbow chasm arcing psyche-to-psyche between them, freeing her to stretch even further forward in a hesitant rocking chair seesaw motion over the candle wick she’d lit with a kitchen match between their squatting postures until planting in this sulfurous incense, after two trial ups and downs, a wet buss on his

waiting kisser when they met at the zenith, after which, Providence as their guide, it was rockabye baby with sweating hands clasped 'round the flame...

And we got to get ourselves back to the garden

Joni Mitchell's funereal tinged countercultural anthem as recorded with roughneck guitar by Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young butterflied through their ears via WMTU's latest revolving platter like the shotgunned afterglow of Woodstock's "bomber death plane's ride" beneath whose mythical flight he now felt himself spooning in a sleeping bag shared with Amarantha at that epic musical gathering in 1969 as the rain came rocketing down on their tentless squalor with the foreboding sense that this innocent angel-winged coming of their Aquarian Age was already falling from that Whole Earth Paradise danced into fantasy at "Be-Ins" by California hippies, ambushed by an L.A. blood lust ritual earlier that month, a schadenfreude butchery scene from some pornographic film noir melodrama that darkened the emergent counterculture with its freakish satanic shadow play.

But that was way back then and sad though it may have been he's already returned to 1989 with an adrenaline rush, flashing mid-kiss to his hike with Inga on a brilliant cloudless Saturday two days before their metallurgical incisions at Michigan Tech on Memorial Day, moving cautiously up the Silver River through stinging swarms of a bumper black fly hatch to fish for trout within its cascading waters, ambling like mountain goats along slippery rock ledges upon opposite banks through a steep cedar-tangled gorge cut into the north shore pudding-stone bedrock, turn-by-turn trading Havrylak's sawed-off fishing rod backnforth over the narrow cataract while zeroing in on an inductive solution to that "Platonic Solid" puzzle regarding the optimum geometry for Havrylak's stolen Smithsonian specimen of highly conductive atomic element #29 when suddenly all their pattern-crunching anxiety dialed down to a quiet focused consolation as if they were peering through Hubble Telescope's discovery of some never-before-seen turbulent constellation and become witness to the whiteness of a circling foam carousel held captive in a deep pool beneath a gladed stairwell of small waterfalls. It was torus-shaped with a coal dark center into which his longest wriggling nightcrawler (for only a masochist magician would try and flycast his "fairy wand" with one of Judge Voelker's "old Muddlers" within this tiny tangled canyon) was irresistably dropped and no sooner than you could shout "Holy Mackerel!" Havrylak was flipping out a fat floppy rainbow from the black hole of that cotton candy doughnut as if it were a quartz-banded agate reeled in from the Keweenawan Rift. It landed square

upon Inga's open lap where she straddled a leaning cedar spanning the torrent between them whose long shadow hung like an arcing serpent over those orbiting bubbles, its barked circumference containing hundreds of concentric rings wound around a heartwood pith older than even the Estivant Pines "Fallen Giant" which, according to unconfirmed hearsay, fell from its centuries old leaning posture of Pisa two years before.

"Orkila!" shouted Inga.

"How did a big coaster trout like that get way the hell up here?" Wondering aloud, more curious than paranoid, our befuddled angler watched as she closed her hand around the multi-coloured spectrum of its striped girth then slid his slimy trophy into the fern-lined side bag that hung around her shoulder.

Dinner had been delivered (and possibly breakfast too) thanks to their wiggly worm and the "Fosbury Flop" of that rainbow looping itself by the parabolic grace of gravity from the Silver River "back-first" into Inga's soft fielding hands though her gold medal catch wasn't actually "Orkila the Killer Trout" as once celebrated by the Dodge Street Band, Houghton's hard rock counterpart to Summit Street's far lesser known Marten Harbor across the canal in Hancock during their brief mutual 1973 performance hey day when young Inga followed the local born and bred rockers from bar to bar, blissfully unaware of either Havrylak or any other members of his acoustic-electric folk rock band—*being "Toots" or "Techies", trespassing into their provincial nightlife*—who played weekends in the Douglass Houghton Hotel's "Gay 90s Room", an acoustic guitar strummin' 'n' pickin' foursome who added a screeching Fender during the 3rd set when they went "part-electric" with their anti-war songs. Each of them had enrolled at Michigan Tech from places all over America and found brief generational camaraderie in the original songs they arranged and performed for a youthful audience with countercultural ears but no thanks guys, Inga had her locomotive feet soundly tracked with those high decibel electrified headbangers wearing the Houghton "Gremlins" orange and black school colors pedigree. It was never a "groupie" maneuver for her though and therein lived its purity for Inga's gymnastic athleticism enthralled everyone who saw her slaloming through the entangled dance floor rhythms on a custom made skateboard, an extreme skier whose blond dutch-boy bangs seemed to fan her caster-powered clog as she led a conga line of Hancock High friends in chants of "Go Bulldogs!", flirtatiously taunting their across-the-canal frenemies before walking wobbly handstands at last call whose drunken ritual, after word spread, gathered its

own improbable post-set following as a kind of goodwill cheer for Dodge Street's favorite encore number, *Orkila the Killer Trout*.

Shushing down near vertical terrain in altitude diminishing dashes on summer afternoons to that twin town waterfront in cutoff shorts, running shoes and t-shirt, Inga seasonally suffered the gauntlet of tall grass that lashed her tanned legs with streaks of blood to reach a variety of watering tasks at the Solar FX Greenhouse far below the slamming screen door she'd run from out of their drab paint-scarce Pewabic Location mining era house near WHDF's radio tower not far from the brink of Mont Ripley. The ski hill's steep slopes had shaped her into a fearless downhiller by the time she'd matriculated kindergarten and that very same tower, whose immobile presence she'd long ignored, would one day send the invisible signals that will bring Havrylak's own highwire act at WHDF to her intense attention. Inga was but a couple years out of high school fighting bouts of insomnia when she first heard an after-midnight DJ voice annotating early 20th century journal entries of his grandfather between whole album side plays for a progressive rock music show Havrylak then hosted from what he called "Houghton Tower", the radio station's cupola studio hovering high over Sheldon Avenue atop the Douglass House Hotel, complete with its classical library of music he would study off-air between songs, whenever he anchored the weekend graveyard shift.

And the entry that first caught her ear was near the start of Havrylak's first broadcast in May 1975—the year-long exile having surreptitiously snuck back into America from Canada that spring—"An experiment" is what he called the journal readings, challenging his listeners to bear with him over time as the "house is built". So she placed a microphone near the transistor radio and clicked on her portable reel-to-reel tape deck for the purpose of capturing everything he spoke in case she fell asleep:

1/6/1905

"An Epiphany! On returning by train from Boston today with three Beacon Hill brahmins, Father presented me with four sealed scrolls containing his 'Revolutionary Design' for an Arthurian Lodge to be christened 'Tintagel' in honor of an ancient family secret whose very existence had been a complete mystery to me. The scrolls are to remain unopened until a ground-breaking ceremony this spring when their transatlantic fellowship will gather in Calumet."

Inga couldn't help now but hear some naïve form of mythopoetic code in those witching hour radio reads from 1975 for she's since learned that "Tintagel" was the family home Havrylak had remodeled one summer prior,

borrowing some of its original Free Renaissance façade designs for a painstaking attic makeover into what has become the sorority house of Iota Chi. Its nine gabled windows, with two added to the original seven, were now all recessed 23½ degrees earthward from plumb, letting blazing bundles of stained glass light in to reflect off the mirror veneer of a varnished blond bird's-eye maple hardwood "Commons" floor whose glossy sunken elliptical gameboard-like rink suffused in multicolored reflections was partly inspired by the memory of his late girl friend Penelope O'Herlihy's love for hockey. And rumour also had it that Penelope's passionate on-air recitation of verses from a long mystical suffragist poem, which Havrylak's great grandmother wrote in the mid-19th century called *Japheth's Lost Theology of the West*, led Havrylak to christen their Commons "Jenny's Aviary" which gave the collegiate sisters a little choir loft amphitheatre in which to sing.

She'd recorded just one *Red Jacket Journal* entry over WHDF in 1975 where Jefferson actually paraphrased from his mother's poem but it was memorable for Havrylak, sky piloting the airwaves into her headphones, had read it with a palpable reverence: "The Kingdom of Heaven is the Living Organic World and the only Universal Eschatology which can be compatible with this is the Transmigration of Souls. Caged birds freed to fly and sing again, from generation to generation. It is a preservation of human memory and knowledge founded on what Japheth calls the 2nd Law of Biodynamics but the physical means of this transfer is as yet unknown. Perhaps it is some form of invisible and as yet undetectable wave, voices and images passing in the night, directionless telepathic messages transmitted by all organisms like seeds of pollen inherited by the swirling wind."

Sitting here face to face and about to kiss him in Room 531 of Eden House, Inga harbored serious questions about the nature of Penelope and Havrylak's former relationship, questions she felt were now too risky to ask. The pair had shackled up together in the Kern family (then) funeral home's unfinished attic for nearly 3 years beginning some time after Penelope's Christmas Eve arrival at Tintagel's doorstep in 1975 on a journalistic "Mission for Truth and Justice in the Matter of Italian Hall" as she had announced to Havrylak. Now a decade has passed since she unaccountably drove off Brockway Cliff leaving Havrylak and everyone else to wonder why. Was it a freak accident due to inclement weather conditions as the county investigation concluded or was it an act of suicidal despair? Could the "accident" have been somehow connected to their international ham radio political activity from the Bambi Airstream (still parked at Havrylak's deer camp near Boston where he's been spending much more time again since he rebooted Radio Free Japheth last fall)? But why had he referred to

Penelope as “Nurse Truelove” when he’d let slip a gothic confession about her ghostly reappearance to him atop Mount Brockway while he composed that forlorn song about her death one year to the day after the crash?

Here is some of what Inga does know from perusing Havrylak’s annotated copy of *Japheth’s Lost Theology Of The West*:

*Let freedom’s refreshing bucket-brigade of participatory democracy recycle and pour
From those Two Watercarriers who’ve wheeled the Universe ‘round since times of yore
A Water of Life to heal the wounded, revive the dead and give glad tidings forevermore*

This was the verse from Jenny’s poem that Penelope appropriated to close each shortwave session and they were inspired by its astro-theological imagery to begin writing an illustrated children’s story, an Arcadian Girl & Boy Hero Narrative (ala Arcas and Callisto) which first came to them in a steam chamber at Jukuri’s Sauna as they celebrated Havrylak’s 25th birthday with some soap ‘n’ water hanky panky under the after-shower. They merged onto the airstream autobahn days after in late July 1976 on a tandem bicycle with “Harpo Marx” being Havrylak’s humorous ham handle for their Radio Free Japheth “Global Freedom & Democracy” broadcasts aimed at Eastern Europe (salting his Soviet Union critiques with biting blues harmonica riffs) and “Mousey Tongue” serving as Penny’s pseudonym for the Far East wheel of their dual-roundtable participants (leavening political points by squeaking her voice up to sound like Minnie Mouse, usually at the expense of China’s “Great Chairman”). They privately nicknamed their planetary network the “Aqua-Net” with affection due to it’s “Aquarian” counter-cultural approach much of whose ecological content Havrylak had learned from Aunt Tess who’d brought it along from Northern California to school her godson with when she moved to Calumet with her adopted daughter Raquel at summer’s end 1967 and built her Elektron Sensorium at Great Sand Bay in the spring.

Jenny’s courageous pre-Civil War poem, needless to say, was devoid of their own ironic postmodern self-awareness and this historical truth was a constant reminder for Penny to avoid the trap of “presentism” whenever she recited from it in honor and respect for the author’s original intentions. The long poem appeared to be both a preservation of and an elaboration upon her fiancé’s series of transcendentalist sermons delivered in the summer of 1951 to a group of friends and family who’d weekly gathered around a small bonfire within an elliptical hollow near Copper Falls Bluff overlooking Lake Superior under starry nightskies and fluttering auroras to hear Japheth Kern speak. Dressed in yellow and grey argyle Cornish tartan colors, “Boston Jack” drew inspiration from Methodist parish performance rituals he’d

experienced first hand back in Crowan before emigrating to America and over the course of two months, he delivered nine different “Preacher of the Week” gospel interpretations. It was also here, in the bright daylight of late July, where his own personal religious evolution was expressed with the now infamous “Divinity Address” (recited in old Cornish as homage to the 1777 oral extinction of their Celtic language branch) which climaxed with a woodshed rehearsed and dulcimer accompanied melodic peroration he’d christened “Dominion Of Love” as a prelude for their wedding vows. Japheth’s manner no doubt bore regional influence from those 18 “Religion of the Heart” sermons John Wesley delivered at Cornwall’s Gwennap Pit in Redruth between 1762 and 1789 prior to and throughout the American Revolution. A composer of 5000 hymns about the 2nd Coming of Christ, Wesley’s ministry had filled local folk with apocalyptic expectation from the bare pulpit bottom of a sunken circular mining pit amphitheatre whose twelve concentric levels of earthen pews seated 1500 congregants, inculcating them with an anticipatory spirit that would re-surface in the singular person of George Whitefield whose 1739-41 transatlantic sojourn helped inspire democratic spirit for America’s “Great Awakening”, uniting isolated currents of America’s dispersed revival while sowing seeds of the “Abolitionist Movement” in boisterous population-bursting cities like Boston (which Japheth emigrated to by way of Liverpool in 1846) and Philadelphia (where Jenny’s parents had fled to from Ireland right after the failed uprising of 1798, her father being a former “Irish Volunteer” who would join forces with the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick upon receiving needed aid after the decimating voyage of their “coffin ship” but who would also lose his only daughter after the Lombard Street Riot of 1842 and the Nativist Riots two years later which is when young Jenny Fitzgerald fled from the street chaos on her own to Seneca Falls where she converted to Wesleyan Methodism with a pledge to begin her life all over).

[2001 retro-aside] “Dominion Of Love” is a controversial song my great grandfather Japheth (“Boston Jack”) Kern composed for his marriage ceremony on July 20, 1851, singing it to Jenny Fitzgerald, a budding suffragette from Seneca Falls, New York on a ridgetop overlooking Lake Superior near the fissure mining hamlet of Copper Falls, Michigan. I suppose there is enough theological heresy in Japheth’s poem to offend any number of Christian, Jewish or Muslim sects on the planet then or now, but it was actually a brief “procreation myth” verse which “climaxed” near the poem’s center that brought out an involuntary audience response of gasps, titters and even a hand-clapped hoot & whistle from some wag at the back of

the curious crowd who'd noticed Jenny's "baby bump". Nor was Japheth above adapting his wedding nuptials poem years later as a way to help promote passage of what eventually became the 1862 Homestead Act (which, just for the record, President Kennedy declared during a 1962 commemoration of its centennial "the single greatest stimulus to national development ever enacted") for at some point Japheth submitted Jenny's Victorian Age translation of his Cornish lyrics to New York City's "Democratic Review" (partly in response to a preposterous October 1859 editorial "What Can Be Done With The Mormons?"), but by then John L. O'Sullivan's former literary magazine was in the process of folding and "Dominion Of Love" came back to Copper Falls unopened. Japheth wasn't a Mormon as some of the verses may suggest, but rather a peculiar messianic hybrid of Cornish Methodist, New England Transcendentalist and Stukeleyean Druid, committed to a metaphysical principle that Nature was not only the "Teacher of Man's Soul" but that Nature's vast network of symbols and the very secrets of the Universe itself could be expressed through poetic thought. It's possible he may have also been inspired by the so-called "Christ Tablets" being unearthed around then by Fathers' Soper and Savage in various lower Michigan locales. Originally placed in storage at Notre Dame, the clay plate "Soper-Savage Collection" is now warehoused at the Mormon Archives in Salt Lake City.

After nearly 50 years of family tranquility, Japheth and Jenny's youngest child, my grandfather Jefferson, resurrected "Dominion Of Love" to help lobby for passage of the Forest Homestead Act by placing his Elizabethan take on the song as an Epilogue to his ill-fated "The Gospel According To Will". Jefferson Trelore Kern's first and only play, suggested at the time by some to be Shakespeare's lost last tragicomedy, was performed but once followed by an earthquake of audience uproar and subsequent scandal at an April 18th, 1906 Wednesday matinee on the celebrated stage of the Calumet Theatre.

Not to be outdone, on my 40th birthday in 1991 I hiked up to the balcony perimeter of that boreal heath overlooking Great Sand Bay and completed my own "Aquarian" translation of Japheth's 1851 "Marriage Song" from the original Cornish into a simple guitar piece of the same name when I read in Grandpa Jefferson's journal that its premiere wedding performance at Copper Falls occurred exactly one century before the day I was born.

Here, with guitar chords, is the finished transcript of Havrylak's 1991 adaptation of Japheth's 1851 marriage song, begun in 1975, from which he tried out a verse or two for Inga on that carnally-charged Saturday in 1989:

Capo 5th fret (Key of Am)

(Em) *A slow quiet build*

(Em-Em7-D-D6-Em-Em7-D *pause on D chord*) 2x

(Em)High seas claim our (D)hearts tonight(D6)
The (Em)Crescent Moon is (D)shining bright(D6)
(Em)White waves crash (D)hard against (D6)the (Em)bow(Em7-D *pause*)
We (Em)count the stars and (D)feel a city (D6)move
(Em)I've got no more (D)love to prove(D6)
(Em)Still I will (D)take this sac-(D6)red (Em)vow(Em7-D *shorter pause*)
(Em)Wave goodbye to Je-(D)rusalem(D6)
Our (Em)future lies over (D)sunset's rim(D6)
(Em)There can be (D)no turning (D6)back (Em)now(Em7-D *shorter pause*)
(Em)Cathedral (D)spires will rise (G)up and kiss the (A)sky
For this (C)romance that can never (E)sus4)die
(Em)So let these (D)wet sheets swad-(C)dle our pain
Tomorrow's (D)sun will dry the (Em)rain

Em build

(Em)This mutiny's between (D)you and I(D6)
(Em)We'll rewrite the (D)priesthood's lie(D6)
(Em)If we can sur-(D)vive this wine-(D6)dark (Em)rage(Em7-D-D6 *no pause*)
Soon (Em)after Solomon's (Second) (D)Temple falls(D6)
(Em)Leaving just one (D)Wailing Wall(D6)
(Em)They'll see that God's (D)Plan has flown (D6)their (Em)cage(Em7-D-D6)
So (Em)throw your Seventh Veil (D)to the wind
(Em)Wear your Wedding (D)Dress again
(Em)Let our Courtship (D)Dance dawn the New (Em)Age *Em build*
(Em)All I (D)ask is that you (G)pledge your true (A)love
(C)Give me your marriage (E)sus4)hand
(Em)Come touch my (D)boyhood face, twi-(C)light woman
Make me a (D)many-coloured (Em)man *Em build*

(Em-D-C-B)2x

A fingerpick riff on A & D strings from 14th to 12th to 10th to 9th frets

(Em)Round and round
Feel a (Fmaj7)blue abyss thrust under me(Em)
Bottomless (Fmaj7)mystery

(Em)We could drown
With-(Fmaj7)in this ancient swirling sea(Em)
Love-(Fmaj7)potion misery
(Em)Counting down
We'll hold the (Fmaj7)climax to eternity
For all to see
(Em)Steering by the (D^{at 12th fret})pole star
(Em)See the two wagons (D^{at 12th fret})turn
(Em)Our compass spins (D^{at 12th fret})wildly through this (C)tempest we churn
(Em)Nightwinds cool the (D^{at 12th fret})northsky
(Em)With borealis in (D^{at 12th fret})flight
(Em)We conceive our (D^{at 12th fret})first born under an (C)enigmatic light(Em)

Em build

(Em)When it began in (D)Galilee(D6)
I (Em)thought I could set (D)their minds (D6)free
(Em)Heaven's Light was (D)just a-(D6)round the (Em)bend(Em7-D-D6)
I (Em)wanted to wake them (D)from their sleep(D6)
(Em)Teach them how to (D)take the leap(D6)
(Em)Make fresh be-(D)ginnings from a (D6)dying (Em)end(Em7-D-D6)
"Learn (Em)of the past but (D)look ahead", (D6) I said
(Em)"Leaven your lives with my (D)daily bread(D6)
(Em)Take eat: these (D)words are your (D6)best (Em)friend" *Em build*
But then the (D)Sanhedrin claimed (G)that I was Satan's (A)Tool
A (C)blasphemer riding Zechariah's (Esus4)Mule
(Em)"Woe to the (D)shepherd who mis-(C)leads our flock(they warned)
Beware this (D)prophet who would roll the (Em)rock" *Em build*

Near David's City (D)I recall(D6)
The (Em)garden where I (D)took the fall(D6)
(Em)Your sad song sang (D)deep inside (D6)of (Em)me(D-D6)
I (Em)walked among the (D)lilies there(D6)
(Em)Dreaming of your (D)face so fair(D6)
(Em)Then I sat be-(D)neath an (D6)olive (Em)tree(D-D6)
And (Em)that's when I first (D)realized
It was (Em)you, not me, the (D)priests despised
(Em)For your work was (D)raising women's (Em)needs *Em build*
So when you (D)led me from that (G)hell-harrowing (A)tomb
I (C)knew that we must be the next mini-(Esus4)stry
(Em)Someday it will (D)come to pass in our (C)Western Paradise
A place where (D)truth can reign in (Em)peace *Em build*

(Em-D-C-B)2x

A fingerpick riff on A & D strings from 14th to 12th to 10th to 9th frets

(Em)When we arrive I'll (Fmaj7)blow a ram's horn to the east(Em)
For the (Fmaj7)greatest and the least
(Em)A Beacon Call
An (Fmaj7)invitation for all them all(Em)
To come (Fmaj7)join our New World Feast
(Em)We'll resurrect a (Fmaj7)Heavenly Kingdom with that sound
The Far Country found
(Em)Deer will browse through the (D^{at 12th fret})garden
(Em)Our boy will play on the (D^{at 12th fret})beach
(Em)His mind gently (D^{at 12th fret})branching from the (C)wisdom that we teach
(Em)July's sun will (D^{at 12th fret})blaze down (Em)till the spring corn is (D^{at 12th fret})sweet
(Em)Then we'll harvest Sum-(D^{at 12th fret})mer's Song
In our bleached (C)hair and bare feet(Em)

Em build

(Em-D-C-B)2x

*A fingerpick riff on A & D strings from 14th to 12th to 10th to 9th frets
Build longer on last B chord*

I've (Em)followed the Guiding Flight of Three Wild Geese
(D)Sailing Westward in search of God's Peace
I (C)left on the Promise of Returning One Day
But the (B)Love of Freedom got in my way
So (Em)in the True Spirit of that Otherworld Call
I'm (D)Bearing New Knowledge for the Progress of All
(C)Opening my Mind with Treasure to Share
A (B)Golden Age Coming that's Just and Fair
The (Em)Culture I'm Bringing is a World Jubilee
A (D)whole 'nother page of Human History
We'll (C)Rule the Planet with Science and Art
And (B)no World Wars will drive us apart
An (Em)End to the Tyranny, an End to the Lies
An (D)End to Illiteracy and Starvation Cries
By (C)Balancing Power between Women and Men
A (B)Mutual Adventure begins again
(Em)Carrying our Paradigm to all of the Earth
In (D)Hopes of Inspiring a Creative Rebirth
We'll (C)Christen the Coming an Aquarian Way
A (B)Dominion of Love that's here to stay
(Em-D)Here to (C)stay(B)
Here to (Em)Stay(D-C-B)
(Em-D)3x
(Em)

At the bottom of his lyric sheet Havrylak quoted from a letter by Isaac Newton to Richard Bentley, Dean of St. Paul's, preserved in Pascal's *Pensees*, on the revolutionary physicist's belief that "dominatio" or "dominion", as Newton had also expressed near the end of his scientific masterpiece *Principia*, was God's governing principle:

"Gravity may put ye planets into motion but without ye divine power it could never put them into such a Circulating motion as they have about ye sun, and therefore, for this as well as other reasons, I am compelled to ascribe ye frame of this Systeme to an intelligent agent."

To which Hav'd added in Latin from God knows where:

Christus aeternus verus propheta ab initio mundi per saeculum currens

“ ‘And love will steer the stars’ ...”

Like Dante to Beatrice, Havrylak serenaded Inga a verse from the 5th Dimension and his sonorous voice spliced into crackly stretches of spooling tape that snaked through her mind from the magnetic recording head of a rusty old reel-to-reel whose recordings captured those recitations from Jefferson's *Red Jacket Journal* which were once transmitted like that red beacon blinking atop the WHDF radio tower between her childhood home and the precipice of Mont Ripley.

“Omigod!”

In the spur of their starry-eyed romance she dug in both bare heels, davened a bit closer and gushed out the truth about her private library of surveillance—“I've been a deer stalker, like Sherlock, in search of your hidden mystery”—promising then to dub her 1975 tapes for him to play on his own cassette boombox so he could hear for the first time those pitch-perfect “impressions” he'd once performed of his late grandfather's voice.

Unbeknownst to Inga, though not for long to be sure as their evening's tete-a-tete sinuously progresses, Havrylak has a “deer stalker” story of his own to tell and it began even further back in time than hers for it was up to a star-flowered meadow not far from her home that Havrylak had hiked with his guitar in the autumn of 1973 and transformed his musical future in one grand afternoon, drawn up there in part by a memory of the

first time he saw Inga launch fearlessly downhill from the “Portage Plunge” on a January morning in 1970 when he first learned how to ski.

“Are you a Toot*?”

*Toot: local Houghton-Hancock high school slang for a Michigan Tech student

Havrylak had pictured some Looney Tune cartoon train engineer yanking on a steam whistle cord and grinned as they rode Mont Ripley’s T-Bar up the long steep grade a minute before, his ski boots latched into a pair of black Head 360’s, hers into red, white and blue K2’s.

“My freshman year at Tech began earlier this month, but not as an engineer,” he squinted toward this precocious ingenue’s piercing blue eyes. “I’m majoring in biology with a minor in stream ecology and pre-med,” continuing on then in an arcane vein of academic humor to which she gave only a shrug. “A former Copper King if you must know. Spent my first two years of high school at Calumet High then during the fall of my senior year I moved to Ann Arbor with my grandfather who was invited to the U of M for a series of lectures on the bad old copper mining days. At present, with all the political craziness of 1969 behind me, I’ve retreated to a dorm house on the 5th floor of Wadsworth Hall. Might even be able to see my room on the Tech campus from this height with a pair of binoculars.” He paused, noting a brief glance from her that concealed either hilarity or wary contempt, then asked: “Grow up around here?”

“*Very* here. Born just beyond where we’re now headed in what the old Quincy and Franklin miners used to call ‘Pubic Location’. It had the reputation for being a red-light district in the *bad old* days, you see”

“Pewabic Location!” He sputtered while pondering the peculiar worldliness of this teenage sprite standing a head shorter beside him. “Not far from ‘Old Reliable’! Drove through there once with some friends back in high school. Just a few old houses left as I recall.”

“Yeah, we live in a ‘suburb’ of Pewabic like I said. One of those houses is mine and Mom’s. I don’t have a Dad. This hilltop is where Mom taught me how to to ski for free at night using a miner’s headlamp.”

And with that she skated nameless from the T-Bar and sped lickety-split over the edge in a flash with glittering snowflakes flying up behind the twisting curvatures of her white wake as she streaked back down toward the chalet from the promontory of Portage Plunge. By the time he’d slipped and

stumbled out of the lift, she was long gone but the memory of her face and voice never quite left him. It wouldn't be until a humid summer night in late August 1973 when he saw her again, no longer elfin yet still smiling with mischief as she waved from the back seat of a cherry red Corvair convertible filled with Hancock High seniors exiting the Lakes Drive-In (though she wasn't waving to him, more details upcoming). And it was with this second chance encounter, that the Mont Ripley memory reappeared in force on a serene October morning pregnant with energy when he acted out a theatrical fantasy to embody the leaf-painting spirit of Jack Frost, straying off on mystic faith and sensory intuition from his Summit Street rental house at the west end of Hancock, guitar case in hand, carrying an abundance of unborn chords and weighed down by a difficult decision just made to abandon the band he loved for whose working sets he'd composed many original songs.

He stopped to slip a "head's up" note beneath the door of Alberto Marache at his Tezcuco Street apartment in downtown Hancock as Bert, Marten Harbor's on-again off-again bassist who anchored the rhythm section of a folk-rock group fronted by four neophyte guitarists, wasn't at home. By one of those cosmic strokes of karmic serendipity Bert just happened to be immersed in a personal religious ritual several blocks downhill in the Temple Jacob Synagogue, reciting kaddish before giving counsel to a young woman he met at a Dodge Street Band gig he'd been hired to fill in on the spring prior for a musician who'd come down with an unspecified ailment.

Her name was Inga Huskiverna and she was seeking Alberto's help on the traditional procedure for converting to Judaism.

A gender specific form of surgery was her ambition.
She wanted to become a mohelet.

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